

# THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

—NOT TO DISPLAY LEARNING, BUT TO EXCITE A TASTE FOR IT.

Vol. II.

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No. 20.

## REVIEW.

**REDWOOD;** *A Tale, in two volumes.*  
New York: Published by E. Bliss and E. White, 1824.

From the "Somerset House Gazette," (London) of the 7th August, 1824.

Till within a very few years, the greater part of the British public has known nothing of America, except what was to be gathered from the half informed pages of Brummagem bag-men, and the suspicious criticisms of professional reviewers. The puerile ignorance and blind prejudices of the one were, however, not half so hurtful as the profligate malevolence of the other. The two combined, served to scatter all sorts of hostile and contemptuous notions of America amongst the "great vulgar and small" of our country, which have only been weakened by the progress of the Americans in arms and letters. It is now no longer a question whether they have the ordinary courage of men, or whether they are able to conceive any thing in literature, beyond a bill of exchange or a letter of advice.

They have been pouring forth books of various kinds in great abundance, and have exhibited powers of invention and combination, equal to any professed by those who were so ready to decry them with their sneers. The fair author—we understand that she is a lady—of the novel before us need not shrink from any severity of criticism. In most of the requisites of imaginative composition she is singularly endowed. Her creative powers are original, her management of incident ingenious, her painting of character and passion delicate and just, and her sensibility to moral and natural beauty very acute. One virtue she displays, which is by no means common to the writers—even the highest—of novels. Her style and language are pure, correct, and eloquent; we have been so long used to slovenly composition in works of fiction, and by such "eminent hands," that all improvement had long since been despised of. "Redwood" is quite a prodigy in this way. It is neither careless in the employment of words, nor in the construction of sentences. Were there neither interest in the story, nor nature in the passion, it might be read for its style alone.

The story is domestic, and relates to the fortunes of a Mr. Redwood, the younger son of a Virginia planter, whose youth had been marked with a good deal of dissoluteness, the result of lax principles and bad companions. He marries, without the knowledge of his father, a beautiful girl in humble life, and quits her to make the tour of Europe. At Paris he learns the tidings of her death. Returning to America, he afterwards espouses his cousin, a rich widow, vain, childish, flattered and spoilt. In a few years she dies and leaves a daughter, Caroline, as beautiful and nearly as spoilt as herself. She grows up to womanhood an object of admiration to the world, of alarm to her father. They set out, as the Virginians annually do, to visit the falls of Niagara, and the novel opens with their homeward passage down the Lake of Champlain. He lands, and seeking for an inn, a dialogue ensues, which is worth transcribing as a picture of American manners.

"Turning abruptly from him to a good-natured looking man, who, at that moment riding past on horseback, had checked the career of his horse to gaze at the travellers, he inquired the distance to the next village. 'That,' replied the man, 'is according to which road you take.'

"Is there any choice between the roads?"

"It's rather my belief there is; anyhow, there is many opinions held about them. Squire Upton said, it was shortest by his house, if you cut off the bend by deacon Garson's; and General Martin maintained, it was shortest round the long quarter, so they got out the surveyor and chained it." "And which road," interrupted Mr. Redwood, "proved to be the shortest?"

"Oh there was no proof about it; the road is a bone of contention yet. The surveyor was called off to hold a Justice's court before he had finished the squire's road, and—"

"Which do you believe the shortest?" exclaimed Mr. Redwood, impatiently cutting short the history of the important controversy.

"Oh I," replied the man, laughing, "and every body else but the squire, calculates it to be the shortest way round the long quarter, and the prospects are altogether preferable that way, and that is something of an

object as you seem to be strangers in these parts."

"Oh Lord," exclaimed Caroline, "it will soon be too dark for any prospect but that of breaking all our necks!"

"Do you think," pursued Mr. Redwood, "that we shall be able to arrive before dark?"

"That's according as your horses are."

"The horses are good and fleet."

"Well then, sir, it will depend something on the driver; but if you will take my advice, you will stop by the way. It is not far from night; there is a pretty pokerish cloud rising; it is a stretchy road to Eaton, and it will be something risky to get there by daylight. But Sir, if you find yourself crowded for time, and will stop at my house, we will do our best to make you comfortable for the night. If you will put up with things being in a plain farmer-like way, you shall be kindly welcome."

An accident happens to the carriage, Mr. Redwood's arm is broken, and the party are obliged to take refuge in the house of the farmer. The description of the family may pass for a general portrait of the farm-houses and families of most of the New England farmers.

Mr. Lenox, as master of the family, was entitled to precedence in our description; but in this instance, as in many others, a prominent character has controlled the arrangement of accidental circumstances. He belonged to the mass of New England farmers, was industrious and frugal, sober and temperate, and enjoyed the reward of those staple virtues, good health and a competency. He was rather distinguished for the passive than the active virtues; patient and contented, he either enjoyed with tranquility, or resigned without repining. His wife (we believe not a singular case in matrimonial history,) was his superior: intelligent, well-informed, enterprising, and efficient, she was accounted by all her neighbors an *ambitious woman*. The lofty may smile with contempt, that the equivocal virtue, which is appropriated to the Cæsars and the Napoleons, should be so much as mentioned in the low vales of humble life. But the reasonable will not dispute that Mrs. Lenox made ambition virtue, when they learn that all her aspirations after dis-

tinction were limited to the appropriate duties of her station. Her husband and sons wore the finest cloth that was manufactured in the county of —. Mrs. Lenox's table was covered with the handsomest and the whitest diaper. Her butter and cheese commanded the highest price in the market. Besides these home-bred virtues, she possessed the almost universal passion of her country for intellectual pleasures. She read with avidity herself, and eagerly seized every opportunity for the improvement of her children. She had married very young, and was still in the prime of life. The elder members of her family were already educated and established in the world; and she had the prospect of enjoying what Franklin reckons among the benefits of our early marriages, 'an afternoon and evening of cheerful leisure.' Her eldest son, with very little aid from his parents, had, by his own virtuous exertions, obtained a collegiate and theological education, and was established a popular clergyman in one of the southern cities. Her second son had emigrated to Ohio, and had already transmitted to his parents a drawing and description of a prosperous little town, where, five years before his axe had first announced man's right to dominion over the forest. Two sons remained at home to labor on the paternal farm; & four girls, from ten to eighteen, diligent, good-humored, and intelligent, completed the circle of the domestic felicities of this happy family. Both Mr. and Mrs. Lenox had the wise and dutiful habit, which, in almost any condition, might generate contentment, of looking at their own possessions, to awaken their gratitude, rather than by comparing the superior advantages of others with their meaner possessions, to dash their own cup with the venom of discontent and envy, a few drops of which will poison the sweetest draught ever prepared by a paternal Providence."

Whilst confined in the house of the Lenox family, Mr. Redwood is witness to an affecting scene of a lovely girl, Ellen, lamenting over the corpse of a young man, and a pathetic interview between her and the sisters of the deceased. The account is rendered more interesting by a mixture of descriptions of the Shakers, by whom one of the sisters had been converted. Ellen Bruce's appearance makes a deep impression upon Redwood, and calls up painful recollections of the past. She is young, beautiful, accomplished, and an orphan. We scarcely recollect a more delightful person than this creation of the novelist. From the moment of her first appearance on the scene, she becomes "part and parcel" of the story. Her history is involved in obscurity, and the secret of her birth involved in a locked casket, left by her dying mother, with an injunction that it should not be

opened until a certain period. Miss Redwood's curiosity is excited, and she proceeds to its gratification at all hazards.

"A most convenient opportunity now offered to gratify her curiosity, perhaps to confirm her malicious conjectures. It was possible that the key to one of her trinket cases might open Ellen's box; there could be no harm in trying just to see if one would suit. She drew out the drawer in which she had seen Ellen replace her casket, and then paused for a moment—but, 'c'est le premier pas qui coûte;' the first wrong step taken, or resolved on, the next is easy and almost certain. She carried the box to the light, found a key that exactly fitted, and then the gratification could not be resisted.

"She opened the box—a miniature laid on the top of it. Caroline started at the first glance as if she had seen a spectre—she took it out and examined it—a name legibly written on the reverse of the picture confirmed her first impressions. She replaced it in the box—she would have given worlds that she had never seen it—but the bold, bad deed, was done; and, 'past who can recall, or done undo?' After pacing the room for a few moments in agitation of mind bordering on distraction, she returned to the examination of the box: there was in it a letter directed 'To my child.' It was unsealed, unless a tress of beautiful hair which was bound around it might be called a seal. There was also a certificate of the marriage of Ellen's mother to the original of the picture. Caroline's first impulse was to destroy the records: she went to the window, threw up the sash, and prepared to give Ellen's treasure to the disposition of the winds—but as she unbound the lock of hair that she might reduce the letter to fragments, it curled around her hand, and awakened a feeling of awe and superstition. She paused, she was familiar with folly, but not with crime; she had not virtue enough to restore Ellen's right, nor hardihood enough to annihilate the proof of it: a feeble purpose of future restitution dawned in her mind—the articles might be safely retained in her own keeping—future circumstances should decide their destiny—her grandmother ought to see them. This last consideration fixed her arrangements with the caution that conscious guilt already inspired. She let fall the window-curtains, secured herself from interruption by placing the scissors over the latch of the door, and then refolded the letter, and carefully removed the miniature from its setting, tore the name from the back of it, and placed it with the hair, the letter, and the certificate, in a box of her own, which she securely deposited at the bottom of one of her trunks.

In order to avoid a suspicion that might arise in Ellen's mind should she miss the sound of the miniature, Caroline prudently

restored the setting to the box, and then locked and replaced it in the drawer.

"For a moment she felt a glow of triumph that the result of her investigation had made her mistress of Ellen's destiny; but this was quickly succeeded by a deep feeling of mortification, a consciousness of injustice and degradation, and a fearful apprehension of the future;—even at this moment, who would not rather have been the innocent Ellen spoilt of the object of years of patient waiting and intense expectation, than the selfish—ruthless Caroline!—who would not rather have been the injured than the injurer!"

Our readers will perhaps conjecture what all this means, and who Miss Ellen is, but we shall not let "our anticipation prevent any discovery," and proceed, therefore, on the important outline of the story. Westall, the lover of Miss Redwood, is caught by the grace and artlessness of Ellen, and transfers to her his affections. Mr. Redwood takes an uncommon interest in all that concerns her. Domestic circumstances connected with the Lenox family, oblige her for a time to quit their residence, and to visit Hancock, the establishment of the Shakers. The account of their habits of life is curious.

"The Shaker society of Hancock in Massachusetts is one of the eldest establishments of this sect, which has extended its limits far beyond the anticipations of the 'unbelieving world,' and now boasts that its outposts have advanced to the frontiers of civilization—to Kentucky—Ohio—and Indiana; and exults in the verification of the prophecy, 'a little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation.'"

"The society is distributed into several families of a convenient size\* for domestic arrangements, and the whole body is guided and governed by 'elder brothers' and 'elder sisters,' whose 'gifts' of superior wisdom, knowledge, or cunning, obtain for them these titles, and secure to them their rights and immunities. There are gradations of rank, or as they choose to designate their distinctions, of 'privilege' among them; but none are exempt from the equitable law of their religious republic, which requires each individual to 'labor with his hands according to his strength.'"

"A village is divided into lots of various dimensions. Each enclosure contains a family, whose members are clothed from one store-house, fed at the same board, and perform their domestic worship together. In the centre of the enclosure is a large building, which contains their eating room and kitchen, their sleeping apartments, and two large rooms connected by folding-doors

\*No family, we believe, is permitted to exceed a hundred members. Hear and admire, ye house-keepers.

where they receive their visitors and assemble for their evening religious service. All their mechanical and manual labours distinct from the housewifery, (a profane term in this application) are performed in offices at a convenient distance from the main dwelling, and within the enclosure. In these offices may be heard, from the rising to the setting of the sun, the cheerful sounds of voluntary industry—sounds as significant to the moral sense, as the smith's stroke upon the anvil to the musical ear. One edifice is erected over a cold perennial stream, and devoted to the various operations of the dairy—from another proceed the sounds of the heavy looms and the flying shuttle, and the buzz of the swift wheels—in one apartment is a group of sisters, selected chiefly from the old and feeble, but among whom are also some of the young and tasteful, weaving delicate baskets—another is devoted to the dress-makers, (a class that obtains even among shaking quakers,) who are employed in fashioning after a uniform model the striped cotton for summer wear, or the sad-coloured winter russet—here is the patient teacher—and there the ingenious manufacturer, and wherever labor is performed there are many valuable contrivances by which toil is lightened and success insured.

The villages of Lebanon\* and Hancock have been visited by foreigners and strangers from all parts of our Union—all are shocked or disgusted by some of the absurdities of the Shaker faith, but none have withheld their admiration from the results of their industry, ingenuity, order, frugality, and temperance. The perfection of these virtues among them may perhaps be traced with propriety to the founder of their sect, who united practical wisdom with the wildest fanaticism, and who proved that she understood the intricate machine of the human mind, when she declared that temporal prosperity was the indication and should be the reward of spiritual fidelity.

The prosperity of the society's agriculture is a beautiful illustration of the philosophical remark, that 'to temperance every day is bright, and every year propitious to diligence.' Their skilful cultivation preserves them from many of the disasters that fall like a curse upon the slovenly husbandry of the farmers in their vicinity. Their gardens always flourish in spite of late frosts and early frosts—blast and mildew ravage their neighbours' fields without invading their territory—the mischievous daisy, that spreads its starry mantle over the rich meadows of the 'world's people,' does not presume to lift its yellow head in their green fields—and even the Canada thistle, that bristled little warrior armed at

all points, that comes in from the north, extirpating in its march, like the hordes of barbarous invaders, all the fair fruits of civilization, is not permitted to intrude upon their grounds."

We have no room for the events which took place here, and they are rather incidental to the main story than a part of it. On her return to the Lenoxs', she meets the Redwoods' and Mr. Westall. Here the *denouement* takes place. Miss Redwood runs off with a British officer, and during her absence, a discovery is made of her abstraction of the documents relative to Ellen's birth. Ellen is the daughter of Redwood by his first marriage. She becomes the wife of Westall. Miss Redwood repents, becomes an amiable young lady, goes to the West Indies with her husband and dies. Ellen remains at home with hers and lives happy.

If the merits of this novel were only to be gathered from our notice, we fear they would be greatly underrated.—It is impossible to give an adequate analysis of the story within so short a space, and the few extracts we have made are but feeble indications of the general character of the work. That we have not, however, praised it unduly, the reader will admit when he has done—what we advise him to do—read it through.

## EDUCATION.

### *Account of the School of Industry at Berne.*

From Simond's Switzerland.

We shall now proceed, however, to lay before our readers a more detailed account of the internal management of the School of Industry. The lessons are given mostly *viva voce*, and various questions continually interposed, respecting measures of capacity, length and weight, and their fractional parts; the cubic contents of a piece of timber, or of a stack of hay; the time necessary to perform any particular task, under such or such circumstances; the effects of gravitation; the laws of mechanics; rules of grammar, and different parts of speech; &c.

The boys endeavour to find the solution of arithmetical and mathematical problems without writing, and at the same time to proceed with the mechanical processes in which they may happen to be engaged. Aware of the difficulties with which they are thus made to grapple, as it were without assistance, they are the more sensible of the value of those scientific short cuts, which carry you in the dark indeed, but safely and speedily to your journey's end; and the more delighted with their beauty as well as their use, they acquire the rationale of the thing, together with the practice; their understandings are exercised, and their attention kept awake.

None of them are ever seen to look inattentive or tired, although just returned from their day's labour in the fields.—Contrivance, and some degree of difficulty to overcome, is a necessary condition, it would seem, of our enjoyments. The prince, whose game is driven towards him in crowds, and who fires at it with guns put ready-loaded into his hands, is incomparably sooner tired of his sport, than he who beats the bushes all day for a shot.

The pupils are not always questioned, but, in their turn, propose questions to their master, and difficulties to be solved, which they do sometimes with considerable ingenuity. They draw outlines of maps from memory, exhibiting the principal towns, rivers, and chains of mountains; they also draw in perspective, all sorts of machines for agriculture; and are very fond of trying chemically the different sorts of soil, having tables of them very well arranged. The Bible is read aloud on stated days, and such books as *Leonard and Gertrude* of Pestalozzi, the small book of *Want of Assistance*, *Robison Crusoe* of Campe, the work of Zollikofer of Leipsic, the Helvetic *Mirror of Honour* by Sterlin, &c., and others of the same sort, in which the German language abounds. Their music is of the simplest sort; Vehrli writes down the notes on a black board; the pupils copy them in their books; they sing each part, separately first, and then together, in general very correctly, and in good taste. A disagreeable voice will probably remain so; but Vehrli remarks, he never knew an instance of a bad ear which practice could not render perfect. Musical talents are very common among the peasants of German Switzerland; their lakes, their woods, and mountains resound with such concerts of voices as fill the eyes of the traveller with involuntary tears, if he is capable of being moved with the "concord of sweet sounds."

The boys go through the military exercise once a week, so as to appear respectably in the ranks of the militia, when they shall leave the establishment. Various gymnastic games are also practised occasionally; but mental exertions accord better with rest after labour, though some naturally arising from labour itself, may be carried on as well in the fields as on the benches of the school.

Some of these acquirements may be thought unnecessary for country labourers, and they are so in some degree; but at all events they do no harm, provided they do not encroach on indispensable employments.

This is an experiment, the object of which is to shew how much may be done for the education of the poor and their support, at least cost: and the more implies the less. If it should be found that some of the learning had better be spared for

\*The village of Lebanon is distinguished as the United Society's "centre of union."

the sake of economy, and that it is necessary to bring earnings and charges nearer to a par, it is a comfort to know that so much remains to come and to go upon. It may be asked, where are masters like Vehrli to be found, able and willing to teach and play, and labour: to guide the plough, and lead the choral band with equal zeal; and just wise enough to follow the instructions of the directing spirit without introducing any schemes of their own. It certainly will not be easy, and yet less difficult now than it was at first, since the pupils of Vehrli may be expected to supply some individuals like himself, and these others. He is by no means a man of extraordinary talents, but simply a zealous, conscientious, and rational substitute, or agent. In order to encourage the attachment to property acquired by our own industry, the pupils are allowed certain emoluments, such as the proceeds of the seeds they collect, some part of their gleanings, and what they raise in a small garden of their own; all which accumulates and forms a fund for the time of their going away.—No ambitious views are fostered by this mode of training the poorest class beyond that of being good husbandmen. The pupils of the *School of Industry* are not raised above their station, but their station, dignified and improved, is raised to them.—It has been remarked before, that men, born in the poorest class of society, constituted as it is at present, especially those who subsist in part on public charity, find it almost as difficult to get out of their dependent situation as a Hindoo to leave his cast, kept down, as they are, by a sort of inbred ignorance and improvidence; and, above all, by their multitude, which is one of the worst consequences of that improvidence. The higher and middling ranks scarcely keep up their numbers any where, while multiplication goes on unrestrained by any consideration of prudence, precisely among those who are least able to support a family. The poor may, in the bitterness of want, exclaim against taxes and ill government, and certainly not always without reason; but the worst government is their own, of themselves. When five labourers depend for a comfortable subsistence on getting a piece of work, which can be performed by four, their comfort and their independence too are in no little danger; but both are irrecoverably lost if they should unwarily double their numbers. We may devise legislative checks on population, and call to our aid even war and emigration: but the most powerful remedies will prove but palliatives, and nothing will do after all but individual prudence and practical morality; now this is precisely what is meant to be inculcated in the *School of Industry*. The practicability of the scheme, I think, is demonstra-

ted, and the extent of application is under experiment; and all who care for the peace and happiness of mankind should pray fervently for its success. Mr. de Fellenberg is on the point of establishing a second school of the poor in the neighborhood of Hofwyl, wholly independent of the first.

Agricultural labour is not the only occupation which can be made the base of education; *manufactures*, with all their disadvantages, might answer the purpose, provided the children were not collected together in vast numbers in the same rooms; provided they were under the care of intelligent and kind masters and overseers, and were allowed gardens of their own, and a certain number of hours each day to work in them, or take exercise in the open air; all which must abridge necessarily the time allotted to productive labour, or to learning. One of the great advantages of husbandry is, that it affords sufficient exercise, and leaves more time for mental improvement.

Such of Vehrli's pupils as have a turn for any of the trades in demand at Hofwyl, wheelwright, carpenter, smith, tailor, or shoemaker, are allowed to apply to them. These boys will leave the institution at the age of one-and-twenty, understanding agriculture better than any peasants ever did before, besides being practically acquainted with a trade, and with a share of learning quite unprecedented among the same class of people, and yet as hard-working and abstemious as any of them, and with the best moral habits and principles; it seems impossible to desire or imagine a better condition of the peasantry. The training for the rich may appear to some more objectionable, but the ends at least, are equally laudable; and the earnestness with which they are pursued can scarcely fail to do good.

#### RELIGIOUS.

*Tenth Report of the Cincinnati Miami Bible Society. Submitted by the Directors, and approved by the Society, on the 27th day of September, 1824.*

In laying before the Society a report of their proceedings, during the last year, the Board of Directors will first express the grateful emotions of their hearts, for the divine goodness with which they have been crowned, and the pleasure they are permitted to enjoy, in meeting with the friends of the Bible on this Anniversary. In performing the duties assigned them, they are not conscious of any extraordinary exertions, yet, in their opinion, the prosperity of the society, has considerable increased. Experience has proved the utility of monthly committees, not limited by any particular boundary, but left free to range the city and country for the purpose of augmenting the strength and multiplying the resources of the society; and to prevent individuals from

the inconvenience of repeated calls, every new committee is furnished with the names of previous contributors. It will no doubt afford the Society pleasure to be informed, that the meetings of the Board have been better attended during the past year, than for several years previously: yet there have been some delinquencies, which are only adverted to in this report, as matter of regret. It is painful also to notice, that many of the former members of this society have withdrawn their support. For this desecration, penury by some, and the claims of other benevolent institutions, by others, are pleaded as apologies. It is no doubt laudable to support other beneficent societies; but certainly the Bible cause ought not to be neglected, and especially where its paramount claims are acknowledged. But when it is said, with zeal and confidence, by persons of education and influence, that the circulation of the Bible does more harm than good—that it ought to be confined to the clergy, or, that its inconsistencies promote infidelity,—who is not lost in astonishment! Have such objectors ever read this sacred book? Have they examined the evidences of its divine origin? Will they still remain ignorant of the blessings of the Gospel? Will they lightly esteem the peculiar blessing of reading in their own tongue the wonderful works of God? Will they without thought or examination, suffer themselves to become the mere retailers of a gross scepticism? Or, has their conduct been so repugnant to the precepts of the Bible, that they gladly shroud themselves in the darkness of infidelity to escape the responsibility which it fixes upon them? Can any rational man pretend that useful artificers would have been equally numerous and skilful, if the arts and sciences had been confined to the cabinets of schoolmen and carefully preserved from vulgar inspection? In like manner what would be the political and moral condition of Great Britain and these United States if the Bible had been confined to the clergy and sealed up from common observation, in the dark case-ment of an unknown tongue?

Let "the son of perdition" from the moral gloom of inquisitorial Spain furnish a response.

The Bible, in many respects, differs from all other books; but perhaps in none more than that of variety. It never by re-perusal becomes insipid. The more it is examined the more is the student led to admire the depth of its wisdom, the sublimity of its conceptions, the incomparable beauties of its biography, history, poetry and eloquence; and it cannot be denied that wise and good men in every age, have dwelt upon its merits and pleasures with undissembled rapture. But the inestimable value of this book, is perceived and felt only when it is perused as the *Oracles of the living God*.—

Then it becomes quick and powerful—then it becomes eyes to the blind and feet to the lame; health to the sick and life to the dead. It terrifies the oppressor and inspires the sufferer with hope. It dries the widow's tears and sooths the poor man's sorrows. Who can be indifferent to the themes and charms of the Bible? Who can refuse to disseminate that book which bears the impress of heaven? Let the "man of sin" rage, and the champions of the Lady on the seven hills form a phalanx against Bible Societies; let the misanthropes, anchorites and Shylocks of the day imbody themselves and gird on their harness for the combat; "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision." But let the patriot, the philanthropist, the moralist unite with the friends of Zion's King in multiplying and disseminating copies of the sacred volume in every language of the earth, till all shall know Jehovah from the least unto the greatest; till bigotry, idolatry, superstition, misdirected zeal, and every species of infidelity, shall yield to the light of truth; and the peaceful influence of the spirit of grace unite the flock of Christ in one fold, as they all belong to one Shepherd.

It will no doubt be gratifying to the friends of Bible Societies, and especially those in the West, to be informed that the Right Reverend Bishop Chase, one of the members of this Society, participated in the pleasure of the last anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, to which he was an agent from the Parent Institution in America. For it must always be pleasing to see men of talents and those who occupy responsible stations, throwing the weight of their influence into the scale of so good and glorious a cause.

The annexed report of the Treasurer will exhibit the state of the funds, together with the sale and distribution of Bibles during the past year.

The Directors beg leave to close this report with an extract from the eighth report of the American Bible Society.

"When we review what has been accomplished by the American Bible Society during the eight years of its existence, and by the many other Bible Societies which have been organized in the twenty years that have now elapsed since the British and Foreign Bible Society, was formed; when we recollect that these institutions have been countenanced and aided by Emperors, and Kings, and Rulers; by Noblemen, and Statesmen, and Prelates; by those who are eminent for their talents, and their learning; by all ranks and conditions and denominations; when we reflect that, in these institutions, christians have learned to meet christians without controversy or suspicion, and laying aside the panoply of the polemick for a time, they have united in testifying

their love to God, and their love to men; when we call to mind that every year has witnessed new multitudes joining the holy brotherhood, revenues to a vast amount raised and expended, and many, very many thousands, and hundreds of thousands of copies of the scriptures sent forth to the needy, who can forbear to cry out, in holy astonishment and with fervent gratitude, "what hath God wrought?" who will not feel desirous to do far more than he has yet done, to aid the hallowed cause at home and abroad? Who will not wish to show his thankfulness to Heaven, and his sympathy and love towards men, by far more numerous and useful deeds of pious liberality and exertion?

**THERE IS YET MUCH TO BE DONE.** Indeed what remains to be accomplished is so vast in its extent and amount, that the work may be said to have only begun—There is room for the continued and increased efforts of all those hosts, whom love to God and love to man have united in the toil: and for the utmost activity and generosity of all those who, until now, have been observing but not participating in the benevolent undertaking. It is indeed true, that, through the instrumentality of Bible Societies, there probably have been put into circulation between 7 and 800,000 Bibles or portions of the Bible. But when we consider the number of those who were destitute of the scriptures at the time the first Bible Society was instituted; when we attend to the fact that the distribution which has taken place, has been principally to such as were professedly christians; when we remember that hundreds of millions of our fellow men are even now Mahometans or Heathens; we may well ask, in the words of the disciple to the master, "what are these among so many?" How little has yet been effected? How much remains, and how long will much remain to employ the talents, the charities, and the vigorous and persevering exertions of all who know the value of the holy oracles, and who pity them who possess not the heavenly treasure!

Yet there is no reason for discouragement, and no cause for retiring from the sacred undertaking.

"They who are engaged in it, will feel much comfort and joy, resulting from the union of many hearts and many hands in this service of the Lord, tending to make earth like heaven. They will be made to know, from year to year, that this mighty river of Christian benevolence has gladdened more and more of the waste and dreary places in our world.

"They may look for rapture, in life, in death, in eternity, from the consciousness that they were made the humble means of accelerating the progress of the Saviour's triumphal car. And their compassion for

man, and their zeal for the glory of Jehovah, may be exercised in union with faith and hope, and assurance in the promises.—  
"THE LORD HAS MADE BARE HIS HOLY ARM IN THE EYES OF ALL NATIONS AND ALL THE ENDS OF THE EARTH SHALL SEE THE SALVATION OF OUR GOD."

#### TREASURER'S REPORT.

November 1st, 1823.	
To cash received from late Treasurer,	\$105 00
do. from subscriptions and donations	52 50
do. from sale of bibles	55 60
Amount received	\$213 40

#### DISBURSEMENTS.

By draft forwarded the	
Parent Society	\$100 00
Premium on do.	1 50
Contingent expenses	3 20
Amount paid	\$104 70

Remaining in the Treasury \$108 40

November 1, 1823.

Bibles on hand,	178
do. sold at cost and under,	29
do. disposed of gratuitously,	73
do. sold and distributed,	102

Bibles remaining, 76

November 1, 1823.

New Testaments on hand,	144
do. sold at cost and under,	105
do. distributed gratuitously,	34
do. sold and distributed,	139

New Testaments remaining, 5

ELIJAH SLACK, *Treasurer*  
*Cincinnati Miami Bible Society.*

#### BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

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#### COLLECTING COMMITTEES.

October, Mr. Bird and Mr. Clopper.

Nov. Mr. Gest and Mr. Johnston.

Dec. Mr. Langdon and Mr. Lowry.

Jan.	Mr. Morehead and Mr. Miller.
Feb.	Mr. McKee and Mr. Robins.
March,	Mr. Ruter and Mr. Slack.
April,	Mr. Wilson.

The stated monthly Meetings of the Board of Directors are held on the last Monday evening in each month, at the College Chapel.

The next Anniversary meeting of the Society is to be held at the above place on the second Monday in May next, at 7 o'clock, P. M. Any one of the directors is authorized to draw on the Treasurer for Bibles.

September 27, 1824.

#### MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

From the Ladies' Monthly Museum.

*Old English Manners.*—“There were very few free-schools in England before the Reformation. Youth were taught Latin in the monasteries, and young women had their education in the nunneries, where they learnt needle-work, confectionary, surgery, physic, (apothecaries and surgeons being then rare), writing, drawing, &c. Old Jaques, now living, has often seen from his house the nuns of St. Mary, Kingston, in Wilts, coming forth into the Nymph Hay, with their rocks and wheels, to spin, sometimes to the number of seventy; all of whom were not nuns, but young girls sent there for education.

“In the halls and parlors of great houses were wrote texts of scripture on the painted cloths.

“The lawyers say, that, before the time of Henry VIII. one shall hardly find an action on the case, as for slander &c. once a year.

“The use of ‘your humble servant,’ came first into England on the marriage of Queen Mary, daughter of Henry IV. of France, which is derived from *otre tres humble serviteur*. The usual salutation before that time was ‘God keep you.’ ‘God be with you!’ and among the vulgar, ‘How dost do?’ with a thump on the shoulder.

“Till this time, the Court itself was unpolished and unmannered. King James’s Court was so far from being civil to women that the ladies, nay the Queen herself, could hardly pass by the king’s apartments without receiving some affront.

“In the days of yore, ladies and gentlemen lived in the country, like petty kings, had *jura regalia* belonging to the seignories, had castles and boroughs, and gallows, within their liberties, where they could try, condemn, and execute; never went to London, but in Parliament time, or once a year to do homage to their king. They always ate in their Gothic halls at the high table, or *orrille*, which is a little room at the upper end of the hall, where stands a table, with the side table. The meat was served

up by watch words. Jacks are but of late invention; the poor boys did turn the spits and licked the dripping for their pains.

“The gentry and citizens had little learning of any kind, and their way of breeding up their children was suitable to the rest; they were as severe to their children as the school-masters, as severe as masters of the House of Correction. The child perfectly loathed the sight of the parent as the slave his torture. Gentlemen of thirty or forty years old were to stand like mutes and fools bare-headed before their parents; and the daughters, well-grown women, were to stand at the cupboard side during the whole time of the proud mother’s visits, unless, as the fashion was, leave was desired forsooth, that a cushion should be given them to kneel upon brought them by the serving man, after they had done sufficient penance in standing.

“The boys, (I mean young fellows) had their foreheads turned up and stiffened with spittle. They were to stand *mannerly* forsooth, thus—the foretop ordered as before, with one hand on the band-string, the other behind the breech.

“The gentleman had prodigious fans, as is to be seen in old pictures, like that instrument which is used to drive feathers, and it had a handle at least one half as long with which these daughters were oftentimes corrected. Sir Edward Coke, Lord, Chief Justice, told me he was an eye-witness to it.

#### LITERARY AND Scientific Notices.

Messrs. Bliss and White, of New York, have contracted with the publishers of the Westminster Review, to supply that valuable and popular work regularly at the London price, without any additional charge for transportation, insurance, or duty; and Messrs. Carey and Lea, of Philadelphia, have made a similar arrangement with the publishers of the Retrospective Review.

The first part of the History of New York by J. Van Ness Yates and J. W. Moulton, Esqrs. is in press and will soon be published.

*Partridge’s Military Academy.*—The corner stone of a building for this institution, at Middletown, Ct. was laid on the 20th Oct. ult. with masonic honours. An eloquent address was made on the occasion, by the Hon. S. W. Dana, Mayor of the city.

*Yale College.*—It is stated that 97 students (exclusive of the Medical Class) have joined this institution since the late commencement.

*Spots on the Sun.*—A number of Spots were discovered on the disk of the Sun on Saturday last, two of which are so large as to be easily seen with a common spy-glass; with a powerful telescope nearly twenty are visible. On account of the Sun’s rotation on his axis, they will probably disappear in 7 or 8 days.—*Bost. Pal.*

Captain Charles Cochrane has in the press an account of a Twenty Months’ Residence in Colombia: and from the favorable opportunities afforded him for close and attentive observation, it is expected to throw much light on the actual state of that important country.

A new manuscript of Madame de Campan has been discovered, which is calculated very strongly to interest the public curiosity. It contains an anecdotic journal of her own life, and is interspersed with many lively traits and facts that are new to the public. She had deposited this curious work in the hands of a literary friend, who was also her physician. After some hesitation, her friends have determined to send it to the press, and it is to be published in London very shortly.

*Ancient Literature.*—From a Report (signed by M. Peyronnet, Keeper of the Seals, and inserted in the *Moniteur*.) we observe that the French Government is about to revive the plan of Francis I. for editing the valuable Greek and Latin MSS. with which the Royal Library abounds. The treasures of Oriental literature in this collection, when carefully examined, will probably yield curious productions and elucidate works and authors as yet imperfectly known. The design is worthy of these peaceful times and of an enlightened country.

An instrument has been lately presented to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, by Mons. Benoit, called a Pachometre, for the purpose of obtaining the exact thickness of looking-glasses in frames, and which received the approbation of the commissioners.

A large fossil animal was lately discovered at Lyme, which has been cleared of the surrounding lias. It proves to be a most valuable specimen of the *Ictyosaurus Tenuirostris*, (the slender-jawed itch.) which is very rare. The osteology is very distinct, and the taper tail perfect to the extremity. Connoisseurs are divided respecting its merits as compared with the animal lately sold to the Duke of Buckingham; some consider it to be a finer specimen; there is very little difference in the size.

*Scandal.*—The destruction of the manuscript left by the celebrated John Hunter

has for several months been a subject of discussion in the literary circles, and has now (as we observe from the Morning Post) begun to find its way into the newspapers.— This being the case, we may notice that it has certainly been a matter of almost universal regret, wherever we have heard the affair spoken of, that Sir Everard Home should have burnt the papers of his deceased friend. Indeed very unpleasant constructions have not unfrequently been put upon this act of executorship; and some persons have not hesitated to say, that the manuscripts had contributed in a greater extent than Sir E. H. wished to have, towards the composition of works which he has published as entirely his own. Of course we can hardly credit that a gentleman of his eminence would be guilty of so disingenuous a proceeding; and are, on the contrary, rather inclined to believe that Mr. Hunter, as stated by Sir Everard, really expressed a desire to have his literary and scientific remains destroyed, as being unfit for the public eye. Still, however, we cannot help joining in the opinions of those who think that a much better and far more satisfactory use might have been made of even the loose and unfinished sketches of so distinguished a philosopher.

### Summary.

The Clay ticket for Electors of President and Vice President, has succeeded in this state by a majority of about eight hundred.

The State House at Frankfort Ky. was destroyed by fire on the 4th inst. A considerable portion of the furniture, many books, and some papers and a quantity of muskets were destroyed.

This was among the finest edifices in the Western country. Its dimensions—100 feet front by 65 deep, with a correspondent height. It was built in 1816 and cost about 30,000 dollars, chiefly raised by the voluntary contributions of the citizens of Frankfort and its vicinity.

DETROIT, October 15.

*Virgin Silver.*—Mr. Schoolcraft, who recently arrived here from Saut de St. Maurie, has shown us a stone, apparently quartz and sandstone, through which are interspersed veins of white malleable metal, which, in respect to colour, hardness and weight, resembles the purest silver. The stone was obtained from an Indian, who said that he picked it up on the shore of Lake Huron, near Point aux Barques; it weighs about a pound and a half, and from appearances, will yield two ounces of silver.

The late Ploughing Match, at Brighton, Massachusetts on the 21st Oct. was superior on many accounts to any thing of the kind which we have ever witnessed. The teams were excellent, the ploughs of the best construction, and the work performed with neat-

ness as well as expedition. There were no less than 22 teams which entered the list, which is double the number that took the field at the last preceding anniversary.

The following gentlemen are elected to Congress from the State of Ohio.

1st District,	James Findlay,*
2d do.	John Woods,*
3d do.	William M'Lean,
4th do.	Joseph Vance,
5th do.	John W. Campbell,
6th do.	John Thompson,*
7th do.	Samuel F. Vinton,
8th do.	William Wilson,
9th do.	Philemon Beecher,
10th do.	David Jennings,*
11th do.	John C. Wright,
12th do.	John Sloan,
13th do.	Elisha Whittlesey.

Those marked thus\* are new members.

List of the members elect to the nineteenth congress from the State of Pennsylvania:

James Allison,	John Wurtz,
John Brown,	James Buchanan,
Samuel Edwards,	William C. Ellis,
Patrick Farrelly,	John Findlay,
Jas. S. Stephenson,	Robert Harris,
Joseph Hemphill,	Samuel D. Ingham,
George Kremer,	Samuel M'Kean,
Philip S. Markley,	Daniel H. Miller,
James S. Mitchell,	Joseph Lawrence,
George Plumer,	George Wolf,
Andrew Stewart,	A. Thompson,
Wm. Adams,	Charles Miner,
James Wilson,	Henry Wilson.

*The great National Turnpike*—to run from Washington city to N. Orleans, appears to occupy much of the attention of the citizens of the south and west. Meetings are taking place almost every where on the subject; and a most anxious desire to co-operate with the government in this work is manifested. The spirit of internal improvement is abroad—the result must be a happy one.

The Quebec papers state that on the 11th October, there was an unusually heavy fall of snow at that place. In the neighbourhood of the city it fell to the depth of three and a half inches.

The entire population of the Colombian Republic is estimated, in a Caracas newspaper, at 2,644,600 souls.

*The Philanthropic Society of Hayti.*—On the 8th of August last, a meeting was held at Port-au-Prince, for the purpose of reviving the "Societe Philanthropique d'Haiti," in 1820, the operation of which had been suspended for several years, on account of political affairs of importance. The subject was discussed before the Members of the Committee of Public Instruction and other influential citizens; and we have the proceedings of that meeting, and several subsequent ones, in a pamphlet published at

Port-au-Prince, and forwarded to the Emigration Society in this city.

It was resolved to revive the original society, and to make provision for raising funds from voluntary subscription, for the purpose of assisting emigrants from other countries to Hayti and the following officers were elected: M. Inginac, President; Viallet, Vice-President; Nau, Treasurer, &c. Each member is to pay \$10 on joining the Society, and a certain sum monthly, to be added to the funds.

*Singular legal Question.*—An interesting law suit is at this moment carrying on at Paris. The city had sold a house on condition of its being pulled down within a certain time, retaining the property of the ground. The workmen employed in pulling it down found a treasure in one of its walls. The city now claims this treasure, because it has never ceased to be the proprietor of the ground; while the purchaser asserts his right, as the treasure was not found below the surface, but in the wall bought by him. The bricklayer, too, pretends that it is his, because he found it; as if that was not enough, the administrator of the domains, come forward and affirm that none of these parties have any title whatever. As the coins are ancient, and the building before the Revolution belonged to the convent, it is very likely that the whole will be declared the property of the state.—*Lon. Lit. Gaz.*

### LINES

*Written in the very beautiful album of a very beautiful young lady.*

Lady, whene'er I cast a look  
Upon these leaves so ivory fair,  
In deep despair I shut the book,  
Nor dare to trace my image there.  
But if thy dark Italian eye  
Should beam upon the mystic page,  
The tints which Titian's art out-vie,  
And shame the beauties of this age,  
Would mingle there in lines of light:  
A picture worthy then the place,  
Would burst upon the ravished sight,  
Unmatched save by thy classic face.

MYRA.

### MR. FOOTE:

After an able and eloquent oration delivered by Judge Bledsoe in the Chapel of Transylvania University, introductory to his course of Law Lectures, in which the Judge used a beautiful allegory, showing that "industry" and "genius" must unite to elevate a man to distinction and to "fame," the following well merited compliment was extemporaneously penned by a gentleman present. If you deem it worthy a place in your paper, you will but do justice to the eloquent professor.

E.

One tablet remained on the temple of *fame*,  
Uninscribed with a title that suited the place,  
Until "genius" and "industry" carved there a  
name,

The fittest of others the temple to grace.

Then "BLEDSOE" engraven in letters of light  
Gleamed through the portals of *fame's* lofty  
dome,  
A name in which *freedom* must ever delight  
Through the current of ages that yet are to  
come.

## POETRY.

FOR THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.  
SONG.

Give me the harp! Oh! let me touch  
The tender strain she lov'd so much;  
Soother of time! let every tone  
Awake the heart to moments flown.

Give me the harp! Oh! let me weep!  
This chord of feeling will not sleep.  
Fall still my tears—thy freshness flings  
A sweetness o'er the trembling strings.

Oh! when dark fate with doubts and fears  
Hath wing'd it o'er the waste of years,  
Let hope's soft murmurs to the skies  
Call me where her spirit flies.

JUAN.

FOR THE LITERARY GAZETTE.  
IMPROPTU.

Toss'd by the wave of Time's rough tide,  
Man roams through life from side to side,  
And fearless braves the angry sea,  
That bears him to eternity.  
E'en thus some insect oft is seen  
In morn's first grateful glowing beam,  
With wings of light to sport and sweep,  
Over the cold and sparkling deep;  
Which proves at eve a mirror'd grave,  
And hugs its trembler' neath its wave.  
Thus man, frail mortal, soars along,  
A thing of light of life and song;  
And whiles his noon of life away,  
Regardless of his destiny.

Oct. 31st.

JUAN.

## SELECTED.

## FROM SONGS BY THE WAY.

THE PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.  
*From the Latin of Horace.*

How blest is he who, free from care,  
As once, 'tis said, ev'n mortals were,  
Unknown to brokers, bonds or bills,  
His own paternal acres tills.  
No midnight storm along the deep,  
Nor brazen trump to break his sleep;  
Far from the Forum's pompous prate,  
And thresholds of the lordly great,  
The wanton vine 'tis his to wed  
To poplar trim with lofty head,  
And, pruning off each worthless shoot,  
Engraft the slip from choicer root.  
Sometimes, where yonder vale descends,  
His lowing herds, at ease, he tends—  
Shears now his sheep with tott'ring feet—  
Now stores the hives' delicious sweet—  
And now, when autumn smiling round,  
Erects his head with fruitage crown'd,  
Plucks with delight the melting pear,  
Or purple grape of flavour rare;—  
What thanks and offerings then recall  
His care, who gives and guards them all!

Sometimes, where streams are gliding by,  
Stretch'd on the grass he loves to lie,  
Beneath some old and spreading oak,  
Where rocks reside, and ravens croak,

While crystal fountains murmur round,  
And lull his senses with their sound.  
But when the raging winter god  
Has sent his snows and storms abroad,  
He scours the country round and round,  
To rouse the boar with horse and hound;  
With subtle art, his traps and nets,  
To catch the tender thrush he sets;  
Lays for the crane some stouter snare,  
Or takes, delicious treat! the hare.  
'Mid sports like these, unknown to ill,  
What love can cross! what cares can kill!

But happiest then, if, while he roam,  
His wife and children dear, at home—  
(A modest matron she, and fair,  
Despite alike of sun and air)—  
The swelling udder duly drain,  
And close the shelt'ring fold again—  
Pile high with season'd wood the fire,  
To warm and dry their wearied sire—  
Then, fill'd one small, but gen'rous cup,  
The unbought banquet quick serve up.

Such fare be mine—I ask no more—  
No shell-fish from the Lucrine shore,  
No turbot rare, nor, driv'n from far,  
By eastern winds, the costly char.  
Oh! not the fowl from Afric shore,  
Nor grouse from Asiatic moor,  
Were half such luxury to me,  
As olives pluck'd from mine own tree—  
A dish of dock that grows in fallows—  
A dainty mess of wholesome mallows—  
A joint, on high and holy days,  
Of roasted lamb, my board to grace—  
And, now and then, a rescu'd kid,  
Which rav'ning wolf had stol'n and hid.

'Mid feasts like these to sit, and see  
My flocks wind homeward o'er the lea;  
The sober ox returning first,  
With languid neck, and plough revers'd,  
And men and maids—the farm-house swarm—  
Around the hearth-stone gather'd warm—  
"What life so blest!" cried wealthy B . . .  
"I'm done with stocks. A farm for me!"  
Cash loan'd at five call'd in, he went,  
And—put it out at six per cent.!

## LOVE AND DEATH.

Love and Death—odd cronies they—  
Met once on a summer's day:  
Death his wonted weapons bearing,  
Little Love his quiver wearing:  
This to wound, and that to slay,  
Hand in hand they took their way.

Night came on. The self-same shed  
Furnish'd both with board and bed;  
While, beneath a wisp of hay,  
Heads and points, their arrows lay.

Ere the morning's faintest dawn,  
Each had girt his armour on:  
But, with too much haste arrang'd,  
Luckless chance! their darts were chang'd.

Little space our heroes ran,  
Ere their archery began.

Love a whizzing shaft let fly  
At a youth with beaming eye:  
The aim was true—one shriek he gave,  
And sunk into an early grave.  
Death shot next—he pierc'd the core  
Of a dotard, past threescore:  
The canker'd carc' his crutch threw by—  
A lover now with am'rous eye.

"Ho!" cried young Love, "here's some mistake,  
These darts of mine sad havoc make."  
"And mine," said Death, "instead of killing  
Serve but to set these bald-heads billing."

## SONNET.

## FROM THE ITALIAN OF TASSO.

FATE binds me here—Beloved one, farewell!  
Yet binds not all—the fond and faithful heart  
Bursts all restraint—and whereso'er thou art,  
Its best affections still delight to dwell.  
To deem thee pensive now, now light of heart,  
Now on the wave, and now along the shore,  
Amid earth's stillness deep, or ocean's fitful  
roar,  
Is faithful Fancy's never tiring part.  
And when the circle of rejoicing friends  
Greet thee with many a smile and sportive kiss,  
Half pleas'd, half envious of that lavish'd bliss  
One jealous pang—swift messenger—she sends;  
Home to the heart the pain'd affections turn,  
And mingled grief & love the throbbing bosom  
burn.

## SONNETS,

## ATTEMPTED IN THE MANNER OF 'CONTEMPORARY WRITERS.'

Pensive, at eve, on the hard world I mus'd,  
And my poor heart was sad: so at the moon  
I gaz'd,—and sigh'd, and sigh'd!—For ah! how  
soon  
Eve darkens into night. Mine eye perus'd  
With fearful vacancy, the dampy grass,  
Whieh wept and glitter'd in the paly ray:  
And I did pause me on my lonely way,  
And mus'd me on those wretched ones who pass  
O'er the black heath of sorrow. But, alas!  
Most of myself I thought: when it befell,  
That the sooth spirit of the breezy wood  
Breath'd in mine ear, 'All this is very well;  
But much of one thing is for no thing good.'  
Ah! my poor heart's inexplicable swell!

WORDSWORTH.

ON A RUINED HOUSE IN A ROMANTIC COUNTRY.  
And this rest house is that the which he built,  
Lamented Jack! And here his malt he pil'd,  
Cautious in vain! These rats that squeak, so  
wild,  
Squeak not unconscious of their father's guilt.  
Did ye not see her gleaming through the glade!  
Belike 'twas she the maiden all forlorn;  
What though she milk no cow with crumpled  
horn,  
Yetaye she haunts the dale where erst she stray'd;  
And aye beside her stalks her amorous knight!  
Still on his thighs their wonted brogues are  
worn,  
And through those brogues still tatter'd and be-  
torn,  
His hindward charms gleam an unearthly white;  
As when thro' broken clouds, at night's high  
noon  
Peeps in fair fragments forth the full-orb'd har-  
vest-moon!

CHARLOTTE SMITH.